

Three point fourteen

by iExpress

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Summary: Finding the end of a circle is never easy. As Wendy would discover, it's impossible when that same circle has been conceived by an all powerful being. All she can do is go forward... but a vicious cycle will take its toll. Notes: Takin place during the series.

M-rated for very good reasons.

1. Round and Round

It was supposed to be one of those nice, enjoyable, simple days. Work was done, sun had been setting and the air was pleasantly warm and buzzing with the noise of evening insects. In the hindsight, Wendy knew the day felt a bit too good to end on a positive note.

Grudgingly, she put her cellphone back in her pocket before turning to her friends.

"Sorry guys, I'll have to bail on you. Stan is calling me back to the Shack."

"What, again?" Robbie looked at his red-headed friend incredulously, puffing out an annoyed sound before adding: "You know, lately you've been spending more time at work than with us."

"Not much I can do about it." Wendy shrugged in defeat. "Besides, if I don't listen to him I might even get fired. And god knows I don't want to spend the entire summer working alongside with my brothers."

"Yeah, wouldn't that be a riot." Tamry decided to be uncharacteristically chatty as her eyes left the cell phone screen. "You go on, Wen. We'll inform you about the change of plans, if there are any."

"Will do. I'll see ya soon!" With a wave of her hand, Wendy hopped

onto her bicycle and rushed back to the gift shop, hoping that whatever it is Stan called her back for was well worth the trip.

By the time she came back to the Mystery Shack, the sun had already set and the sky turned to dark colour of magenta â€" perfect implication of just how much time she lost, which served perfectly to cut loose some of her usually thick nerves. Her friends were probably already being up to something fun and she was here, already losing the remaining few fragments of cool she had.

It was not the first nor was it probably the last time Stan had called her back to her workplace due to some unfinished work she was obliged to do. She cursed his observational skill in silence â€" sure he sometimes barely saw two feet ahead while driving but when it came to the shop, it was like the entirety of his perception grew inhumanly well. Whether it was the misaligned merchandise on the shelves or the trash that had been forgotten inside the store, the gift shop was supposed to be the epitome of perfection â€" or at the very least, as close to it as it possibly could be. Which was ironic, seeing as the rest of the house wasn't too clean to begin with. Stan Pines was many things but organized and neat were definitely not some of those; well, at least not while he wasn't working.

Wondering what the heck he called her back for this time, she opened the door to the gift shop, finding her eternally unsatisfied boss at the register, counting his ill-earned money. He gave her a deadpan stare, the kind even her cool couldn't quite sustain â€" while she was ready to flip out at the old man merely moments ago, she immediately sobered up at the sight of that stare.

"What is it, Mr Pines?"

Her boss leaned very matter-of-factly on the desk.

"Kid, how many times have I warned you about this thing?"

Wendy followed his pointed finger until her eyes stopped on one of the shelves. A display of interestingly framed sunglasses sat upon it. She had restocked them all she noticed and as such remained confused about the source of the problem.

Her snarky side showed as she let a small, smug grin climb her face, convinced Stan had ****finally**** made some sort of mistake calling her back here.

"About what exactly?"

Stan however didn't look too happy as he gestured for her to come and take a closer look. Only when he pushed a pair of sunglasses into her hands did she make a face â€" the entirety of the souvenir was covered in what were fingerprints of many, many nosy tourists who marveled the funky frame with imbedded images of unfamiliar little monstrosities. She had completely forgotten to clean them up and, here she gave a small hiss of dissatisfaction, the sunglasses were too many to count.

â€œI told you once, I told you a hundred times â€" this stuff is as visible in the morning sun as the freckles on your face. You can't have me selling merch like ****that**** in my shift."

Wendy gave a heavy sigh, glad she didn't screw something up seriously â€" that feeling however was incomparable to her frustration about the fact Stan called her back over something soâ€¦ _ridiculous_. Thompson had probably already done something amazing enough for Tamry to put it online and she was missing it. Heck, even without that fun event, she still wasted precious time.

It was in the moment of weakness that she decided to say something about it.

"Mr Pines, would it have killed you to have done it instead of me just one time?"

"Hey. I'm not here to do your job, kid." His tone clearly indicated that she had taken it too far with her suggestion but Wendy's already weak nerves broke under the pressure of her boss' command.

"No, but I seem to be here to do all of yours." She retorted spitefully.

The look she earned from Stan would be enough to send any young kid running, and she would probably already be on her way were it not for the flame that started in her.

"You better watch your mouth, kiddo."

"I am ****not**** a kid!" Wendy exclaimed, getting seriously tired of the nickname.

Stan paused before rolling his eyes.

"Ugh, this again. Look, I already have two hormone-ravaged kids running around the place; I don't need your puberty acting up as well. Just get to work, will ya?" Without letting her say another word, Stan left her alone in the gift shop.

Mumbling some less inappropriate words under her breath, Wendy sat at her usual work place and started cleaning the darned sunglasses, her head already aching at the thought of spending the next thirty minutes doing something so pointless and missing out on what could've been a fine outing.

â€¦ For a while now, she had a feeling Stan had been doing nothing but using her 'inexperience' as yet another reason to force her to do menial tasks such as this one. Sure, she was young and yes, she might have only been a seasonal worker during the summer â€" but heck, she _had_ been working forâ€¦ was it third or fourth summer in a row? She couldn't recall. Stan Pines didn't seem to have an issue with hiring someone as young as she was and Wendy definitely was desperate enough for some money of her own.

The more she kept thinking about it, the further it frustrated her â€" he had no problem hiring her at the age of twelve, yet somehow she was still just a brat? Incapable of doing her job well? Incompetent? Her brow furrowed as his favorite nickname, 'kid', echoed again and again in her head.

I'm a bit more mature than that.

There was nothing she could do, however. Except to get back to work

and clean the damn glasses until they sparkled. She highly doubted Stan would ever value her 'cleaning prowess', should she try proving to have any.

It took her quite a while to clean the entire rack full of glasses and just in case, she took good care of dusting the old thing, too. When she was finally done, it was already dark outside.

"Mr Pines? I'm done with these." She raised her voice. Never hearing any sort of reply, she headed into the rest of the Shack, wandered around the kitchen and the living room " she even dared to wander close to Stan's private room and knock. No answer. Wherever Stan was, he didn't seem to think it was necessary for him to observe her work.

Feeling slightly perked up by the fact, she left the Shack and hopped onto her bicycle. The ping of positivity she felt upon not finding Stan disappeared like a pine beneath the avalanche when she realized her phone's battery ran out. Great. Now there was no way to find out where their friends were. In all likelihood they had long since stopped waiting for her.

Giving up on spending any quality time outside for the night, she headed straight home, trying to mask the feeling of disappointment.

It wasn't too hard, as the disappointment on her face was immediately wiped by a deadpan upon entering her home. Wendy truly and utterly loved her family but sometimes, only sometimes, she wished she wasn't surrounded by so much " _masculinity_. Especially in such a ridiculous form.

Her father had yet again somehow managed to crash down a ceiling lamp and didn't much care to fix it, probably being in a hurry. The duty of doing that usually fell onto her younger brothers, who however were much busier acting like, well " younger brothers. Two of them were making way too many unpleasant noises fighting over a video game and the third effectively ignored the chaos by turning up the music. The entire house was a mess and the sink filled to brim with dishes.

On one hand, Wendy knew it wasn't expected of her to clean up the house as if it was her duty as the girl of the house. With so many of them living underneath the same roof, it wasn't hard to do split the chores between them. But on the other hand, even though she disliked chores as much as the next person, she wished everybody would _stick_ to them at least half as much as she did.

She pushed the lamp subtly underneath the dining table (covered in more dirty dishes), determined on not even trying fixing it at _this_ moment, greeted her brothers (dressed in filthy clothing) and tried to persuade them with immediate failure to clean up the place (filled with dust), grabbed as much snacks as she could find (half of them already opened and long forgotten) and decided to spend her evening trying to follow the example of one of the boys "tuning out with music (in a messy room).

When she finally flopped on her bed in her pajamas and with music in her ears, Wendy for once felt _at peace_.

She sighed as she stared at the ceiling and felt her eyes closing. The music in her ears took her away for a while, the vocals of the song rebelliously yelling something about anarchy and kids ruling the world. Unconsciously, she smiled, both because of the absurdly childish lyrics and the ironical feeling of pride it caused in her.

Wendy liked being a kid and was well aware of being one, but she detested being _just_ a kid; she hated being misunderstood. She hated not being trusted with taking care of things. She hated not knowing how to get her own brothers to listen to their oldest sister, who was supposed to be some sort of role model, apparently.

As weird as it sounded for someone her age, she hated not being able to be 'the responsible one' in a way that didn't make her look like a brat.

"I wish I was an adult." She murmured into nothing, leading a conversation with herself out loud.

The music in her ears stuttered and sang out an unfamiliar, crooked lyric she didn't remember. Then it stopped.

Her eyes opened.

2. It Goes and Goes

Nothing.

Well, well of course, there was nothing there. Why would there be anyway, she wondered? Why did she expect anything?

Then she remembered the music stopping and shuddered as she registered the sudden silence around her. There was nothing she could hear, nor the leaves rustling nor the crickets chirping, not even her brothers causing mayhem downstairs.

Feeling cold, she looked at her CD player, its strange behavior registering as the only possible reason of things going weird in her mind. It wouldn't be the first time the ancient thing went bonkers but the air around her felt more than simply 'bonkers' this time.

She sat up and tampered with the cable for a little while. Contact didn't seem to be an issue, so she flipped open the lid.

The CD was still turning wildly. Round and round and faster and faster, so fast in fact that she could hear it starting to scratch at its container. Chills running down her spine as the sound became more and more obvious, more expressed, more high-pitched, she merely stared at it, waiting and waiting, until it came to a sudden stop and... _And it blinked open_.

Confusion turned to frozen panic as the slit pupil stared back, emotion of it completely incomprehensible until an energetic voice spoke to her.

"**Hello, toots**!"

Screaming out like she never did before nor she hopefully ever would again, Wendy pushed the CD player hard enough for it to flip from the bed to the floor. The lid broke, one of the batteries flew out and rolled across the floor and the eye, was sent flying. Quite literally, as it floated in the air, observing from above, staring straight into her as it spread into an ominous looking shape of triangle, the world around them suddenly engulfed in black and white.

Wearing a top hat a tie and carrying a cane.

"**I couldn't help but overhear you're in serious need of some somatotropin!**" The thing announced as it started to spread in size, suddenly occupying nearly half her room.

"Who, what the heck are you?!" Wendy cried, watching with dread as the demonic little thing outgrew the room, completely surrounding the bed, his eye, now twice her size, observing her carefully.

"**Don't remember, huh? I guess I didn't leave much of an impression in the theatre! Or perhaps you chose to forget, who knows!**" He deflated at his own words back to a relatively small size, now playfully drifting through the room.

It finally started to dawn on her. The realization didn't make her feel any better, though.

"You're that you're Bill?"

"**The one and only, Ice Bag!**" The demon span his cane wildly and bowed, taking off his tall top hat for a moment. "**So you DO remember me! I hope I didn't come across as rude or nothing! Who knows the kind of things Pine Tree told you, that kid sure hates my guts!**"

The last few words came out in a demonic sort of voice, very unlike his playful tone so far. As if to try and prove a point, he pulled out his gut. Where from exactly, seeing as his body was as flat as a piece of paper, Wendy didn't know nor didn't care because she was morbidly mesmerized by the sight of tiny, insect-like Dippers ripping at the demonic, purple colored insides, blood spurting all over the place and Bill giggling with delight at the scene. As blood sprayed her socks and the floor, her face started going white with shock.

"**Not an everyday sight for you, huh? That's OK, there's plenty of much neater stuff where that came from!**" Bill noticed the horrified expression of her face before cleaning the mess up swiftly, the army of Dippers disappearing from her sight with a wave of his cane.

A few moments passed before Wendy finally managed to form a coherent thought and sort of translate it into an utterance.

"The heck, why are you? I thought Dipper and Mabel got rid of!"

"**Whoah, whoah, slow down, Red! I am not THAT easy to cast away!**"

Wendy shook her head, desperately trying to clear her mind and finally addressed the demon with a somewhat firmer note to her voice.

"Listen youâ€"you creep, I want to have nothing to do withâ€"with you! Dipper told me everything! There's no ****way**** I'm making a deal with someone like you!"

****My oh my, no need to be so harsh! Look toots, all I ever wanted was a peek into the journal! For an old, bored guy like me, that can't be much to ask for â€" especially not if you can gain from it, as well!**"**

Wendy made a face. It took her a few long second to ponder about whether she should tell him to get lost or question him. In the end, curiosity won.

"How would any of us profit if you get your hands on the journal? You can instantly forget getting that thing from me. Dipper told meâ€" "

****Dipper this, Dipper that, Pine Tree is a kid, if you forget! I don't think he comprehends the situation I'm in â€" why do you think I came to you?*****

Wendy blinked.

"Whaâ€| what do you mean?"

****Gee hun', and here I thought you were the ****_**cool**_ **one.**"** Bill Cipher rolled his single eye at her, seemingly bored. Something akin to a stab nudged at her chest but she didn't know what to say. Bill seemed to have taken no notice of her thoughts, for he continues breezily:**

****The journal contains nothing I can't already comprehend. Except for one little thing, I suppose.**"**

"â€| What is it?" Wendy found herself asking, not entirely sure why was she asking it anyway, not entirely sure why she actually cared.

****Can't you tell? Look at me!***** He spun around and momentarily disappeared as he did, as she observed his impossible to see profile and Wendy surprisingly found herself understanding the predicament he was in, ironically not understanding how she did.

"You don't exist in our world."

****Bingo! See, Red? You get it.**"** For a moment, he almost looked forlorn. ****I can't say I don't miss engaging into the physical activities of Gravity Falls or, well, the entirety of your world, really.**"**

"â€|You used to exist here?"

****Of course I did! I was as real as Pine Tree or you, Red! And I was actually able to enjoy life!*****

"You mean, youâ€| can't, anymore?"

"**It's a long story hun, and the bottom line is, I'm not allowed into your world anymore. Let's call it a tiny mistake in papyrology.**" Again, out of nowhere, he pulled out what seemed like a thousands of pages long contract.

Wendy didn't pay it much mind. Her head started to ache and she pinched the bridge of her nose, trying to let the information settle in her mind properly.

This wasn't right. She shouldn't feel sorry for him, she shouldn't be thinking about why and the how, she should simply send him away, tell him to get off her backâ€|

But she knew what was it like, to not be understood.

"â€| Whatâ€| happened?"

Bill fell awkwardly quiet, something she didn't expect from a loud mouthed demon like him, as short as their acquaintance was.

"**Nothing I'd be too willing to talk about but I'm sure you'll understand that! After all, no one seems to be understanding the way you feel, am I wrong?**"

As if she sank underwater, a weird sort of air surrounded her, and wherever she looked she saw the scenes, the memories of her life she didn't call back with any sort of fondnessâ€| Stan yelling at her again, this time for forgetting to take the trash out. Her father, wordlessly looking at her and her knowing what he was thinking, knowing he was wishing her mother was still here. Her friends, looking at her awkwardly whenever she so much as tried to start a serious topic and ended up distracting them from it with another joke.

Her heart sank into the pit of her stomach and she felt sick.

"Stop that." She said, trying to make it sound like an order but ending up barely whispering it out. "Stop that!"

Listening to her, Bill Cipher made the bad memories go away, and once again she was in her room, sitting on her bed and trembling in her pajamas, surrounded by her messy clothing and the remains of her broken CD player.

"**It sucks, doesn't it, Ice Bag?**"

It took her a few more moments to realize it was the sort of name he chose for her but she didn't question it. There was no place in her mind for such questions. Instead she was occupied by the feeling of anxiety, feeling of constant stress, feeling of being a helpless kid, desperately trying to be responsible in the face of adulthood, hers and that of others.

"It sucks." She confirmed quietly.

For a few moments, the demonic appearance was quiet.

"**I have a good deal for you, toots. And this time, I promise not to

steal anyone's body forever.**"

Wendy gave him a shifty eye. Bill, lacking a face, with nothing but that single piercing eye allowing him to express any kind of emotion, was impossible to read; she didn't know what to think of that stare and decided that, in the end, it doesn't hurt to ask.

"What do you have in mind?"

Bill Cipher leaned back in the air and raised his few fingered hand " only to have three fingers suddenly shoved into the air.

"**Three minutes, fourteen seconds**." Bill said. "**Three minutes and fourteen second of your day, of every one of your days. That is all I ask for.**"

"Three minutes of my day?" Wendy pondered. Three minutes was nothing. She was able to spend hours just staring at the TV or just staring at the empty air at work, waiting for her shift to end. There was still, however, the question of her own gain.

"In exchange for what?"

"**You want people to start taking you more seriously, right?**"

It was futile to lie. Slightly embarrassed about it, Wendy nodded.

"**In exchange for three minutes and fourteen seconds of your every day, I'll make sure everybody take you as seriously as you can possibly want them to.** **You'd just have to watch out to, you know, not abuse it. Boy, did people know how to abuse it!**" His voice became positively gleeful again, but he didn't care to explain his statement.

Wendy made a face, clearly not quite understating what kind of benefit she was getting here.

"**Just think about it,**" Bill Cipher continued, as if reading her mind, "**you'd have your brothers realize the sort of authority you represent as an older sister. You'd have your boss respecting your contribution at work. You'd have your friends being able to help you with you issues. You'd have your father,**" here he paused and Wendy tensed up, "**see you for someone else and not just the child of a woman who left too early.**"

As he spoke, the ghostly apparition of her family, her friend and her boss showed up, all with promises of respect she craved so much, with words of comfort, with open arms and eyes full of understanding. Wendy felt tears prickling at her eyes as she once again saw the silhouette of her mother, the image she nearly forgot, and there was anger flaring up inside her.

"No, this- this isn't right! Leave me alone, just" just GO AWAY!"

And it all did. As sudden as it came, it left and she was once again engulfed in warmth of the summer air, the voices of her brothers reaching her from downstairs and the slam of the door indicating her

father had just come back home. Her CD player still sat, whole and intact, next to her on the bed and the headphones were still stuck in her ears, blaring out silly and rebellious lyrics.

She ripped them out and opened it. The CD quickly came to a stop and didn't move anymore, resembling nothing more than a CD with an intense looking teens on its cover. No eyes, no demons, no contracts.

She swiftly put it away on her nightstand, turned off the light and pulled out a spare blanket before getting into her bed, suddenly cold, suddenly shivering.

Wendy realized she was coated in cold sweat.

The back of her head was damp.

Her teeth chattered and her skin crawled.

Before she fell asleep and drifted into restless dreams she wouldn't remember the morning after, a vision of the one eyed demon appeared before her, standing outside her window.

Always watching.

...it was almost comforting.

3. Until the Exit is Found

Despite the fact she didn't wake up until late hours of the morning, Wendy felt tired and fatigued. It took a couple of minutes of staring blankly into the ceiling until the realization sank in "last night _did_ happen, and it wasn't just another dream. It wasn't _just_ a nightmare.

It was something she had the opportunity to dwell on.

She got dressed and proceeded with her usual morning routine only half aware of what she was doing, only realizing she was using one of her brothers' toothbrushes after she had already brushed them and pouring milk into a bowl before she had added cereals. As she was cleaning the mess she created on the table, the tiny voice of Bill Cipher seemed to whisper comforting words into her ear, the things he had already said last night and she, for one, didn't mind listening.

For a while now, Wendy was feeling pretty tired. Tired of her brothers' childish and absolutely bonkers behavior, tired of the fact no one was capable of taking her seriously, tired of her father unsuccessfully trying to remain cool and level headed in the face of the sadness that overwhelmed him whenever Wendy produced an expression too similar to that of her mom.

She made a queasy face as she pushed the half eaten breakfast away and promptly got out of the house, not entirely sure where she was going as she sat on her bike.

Perhaps it was the clear air or the workout the ride had given her but as Wendy distanced herself from the house she sometimes felt

trapped in, her mind had made a slow jump to the most obvious solution to her small predicament: Dipper.

While her friend had told her just about anything he could about Bill Cipher and had made him seem like anything but a good guy, Wendy couldn't help but think of the demon's words and about the possible mistreatment he might've suffered in the past. After all, how much did Dipper know about Bill? What Bill did was definitely not right butâ€¦| desperate times call for desperate measures.

She bit her lip as she slowly stopped at the shack, trying to wrap her head around the whats and the hows of the conversation she was about to have.

She didn't have to look for Dipper for long. He was lazing about in the couch, watching the re-runs of the crossover 'Ducktective VS Dogtective'. The moment he noticed her, he made that weird face expression which both made her smile inwardly and made her feel kind of sorry for the mess she seemingly caused in his head.

"Hey, Dipp-man."

"He-hey, Wendy! What are you doing here? I thought you were working the afternoon shift today?"

"Oh, I am. I just uh, I needed to talk to you."

There was a short pause in which Wendy could practically see whees turning in Dipper's head as he tried to figure out why did she sound so troubled.

"Oh. Alright then." She gratefully noticed he got quite serious the moment she said that. A small grin climbed to her face; she wondered how come she didn't think of this right away. Of all the people in this town, Dipper was the only normal person. Wellâ€¦| relatively.

She bit her lip yet again as she tried to make her question sound more casual.

"Well, it's not a big deal really. I was just wondering if you could, well, tell me a bit more about, uh, that Bill dude."

The reaction was instant. She saw the reflection of fear in his eyes and had a feeling she already screwed it up.

"Bill? Bill Cipher? The one who nearly got us killed on more than one occasion?"

A part of Wendy couldn't help a small, casual grin at the panic he displayed.

"Dude, calm down. I'm just curious, is all."

"Wendy, why would you want to know anything about that maniac? He's a psychotic demon whose only hobby is trouble! Didn't that story about forks in my arm say enough? I still got the scars, Wendy!"

"Sheesh, if I knew you were going to react this way, I wouldn't even ask." Wendy said before she could stop herself, frowning a bit as her

eyes glanced at the scene of Ducktective running before the Pawlice Department, solely so she could look at anything but Dipper, feeling slightly irritated.

She heard him sigh.

"Sorry Wendy, I guessâ€| well you can't exactly say my experience with him was entertaining, you know?"

"â€| Yeah, I guess." Wendy slowly replied as she sat down on the arm of the sofa. Before she knew what she was doing, she started talking in a way she never heard herself before. It was slow. It was soft. It was _deliberate_.

"Didn't mean to upset you, dude. I dunno, I guess I was just kinda intrigued. It's not every day that a thing like that shows up around here." She squinted. "Well, yeah, it actually is but he seemed like a bigger threat than convenience store ghosts or underground shape-shifters." She shrugged in a way she figured would look innocent. "I kinda thought it would be good to know more about him. For safety and stuff, you know."

Wendy herself wasn't sure where she was getting the entirety of her act out of, as she wasn't very used to persuasion of such deceiving kind â€" but she knew that should she tell Dipper what had happened last night, he would probably not only flip out but probably start some sort of scheme to stop a thing like that from happening ever again.

Which, at the moment, Wendy didn't want. Not until she knew what Bill Cipher could offer.

So she was surprised when Dipper looked at her wait a sort of astonished gaze and said: "That's actually a really smart plan. You know whatâ€|"

Dipper reached into his jacket and pulled out an old book she recognized as the journal he carried around with him. She got cold chills for a moment, knowing that, possessing it, Bill would come to talk to her again, likely to try to persuade her to hand over the old thing. She knew she would never do that but the mere idea of having to reject someone like him gave her uncharacteristic chills.

It had only in that moment occurred to Wendy that she was afraid.

"Now, you have to promise me not to give this to _anyone_â€"

"You know don't have to worry about _that_." Wendy managed a weak grin.

"â€"good. Just take it and return it to me when you read it. There is an entry on Bill inside of it. It'll tell you everything you need to know."

Little did Wendy know Dipper felt about ten feet taller at that moment, for he believed he had just find a way to indirectly protect his crush from harm by letting Wendy know.

Little did any of them know that he was doing the exact

opposite.

She gazed at the book in his hand as she gently took it and ran her fingers over the old cover, looking at the worn out edges but the still brilliant and shiny piece of golden paper in the middle, black number three standing out like a dark omen before the sinister pages inside.

"Are you sure? I mean, you usually don't go anywhere without this thing."

Secretly, she was hoping he'd take it back.

"Hey, I trust you." Dipper smiled, a tiny blush on his smiling face. Wendy smiled back.

It was probably the only insincere smile she ever gave him.

* * *

><p>It wasn't right.<p>

Something was amiss.

More out of curiosity rather than any sense of security against the things described inside it, Wendy had been flipping through a few more interesting entries in the journal. She was lying on her bed, sun long since set and flipping through the pages of the journal she only opened once she was sure everybody had gone to sleep. Then she turned on the small lamp on her nightstand and wrapped herself again in a blanket, again feeling the chill in the air uncharacteristic to the summer air that likely had very little to do with the weather.

And as she did, she noticed something â€" some entries were the continuation to something which, she figured, must have been written in previous journals. The titular number three certainly wasn't there for aesthetics.

She had a feeling there was much more to Bill's history as she followed scribbled out words of praise and her gaze finally stopped at the warning:

"**BILL CAN'T BE TRUSTED**!"

Was there more in journals before?

â€| IS there more in the journals that follow? Are there more books?

Was she just being stupid for ignoring the blatantly obvious warning?

Sure, whoever wrote down these had obviously met Bill through and through butâ€| what was before? What came after? What became of the author?

She shook her head â€" she was beginning to think like Dipper.

She shouldn't care about it.

She shouldn't wonder about any of this crap.

Almost regretting reading the damn journal, as it sprouted more questions and yet gave no answers, Wendy put the diary aside and turned off the light, throwing herself into the sheets and gazing into the bright, moonlit night.

The sounds from outside comforted her; the chirping or crickets, the quite song of the night birds, the rustle of the leaves in the summer breeze. A small smile and she closed her eyes, indulging the summer atmosphereâ€|

â€|

â€|

â€|

The sounds paused, stuttered, faded and _stopped_.

Goosebumps were fresh on her skin.

Sweat was cold on her neck.

She didn't want to open her eyes again.

She didn't want to see the terrifying gaze of his one-eyed face.

She didn't want to hear the mocking tone of his cringe-worthy voice.

She didn't have a choice.

Her eyes opened and she gasped, a scream forcibly stuck in her throat.

"**Read it; haven't you, Ice Bag**?"

End
file.